

71

RODONDO;

OR, THE

STATE JUGGLERS.

CANTO I.

By Alfred Austin
[Price One Shilling.]

18

RODOLPH

OF THE

STATE JUGGLERS



CAN

Price One Shilling.

RODONDO;

OR, THE

R

STATE JUGGLERS.

C A N T O I.

Stat magni nominis umbra. LUCAN.

*Uno minor est Jove : Dives,
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher ; REX DENI-
QUE REGUM,*

Precipue sanus, nisi cum Pituita molesta est.

HORAT.

THE SECOND EDITION,
Revised and Corrected by the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. NICOLL, at the Paper-Mill, in
St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCLXIII.

RODOND

OF THE

STATE JUDGES

CANON

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RODONDO;

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C A N T O I.

WHEN Learning grew to such a head
That Authors wrote, who never read;

And special Wits, in Verse and Prose,

Like Mushrooms, in a Night arose;

Regal'd the Town a Day; and then

Sunk to Obscurity again.

When *Henley*, pride of *Butcher Row*,

Was gone where *Ch---ll* too must go;

B

But

But like *Elijah* left his Spirit,

For this *Elisha* to inherit.

When bare a---s'd *Caledonian* Rogues,

Forfook their Oatmeal, Plaids, and Brogues;

And over *Berwick Bridge* came flocking,

For *Galligaskin*, Shoe and Stocking.

When Knowledge, Courage, Sense, and
Worth,

Were first defin'd by *South* and *North*;

And *Tweed's irremeable* Waves,

Became the Boundary of--- Knaves.

When even *T---ple* grew a wise Man,

And gaug'd the State like an Excise-man:

Imbibing sympathetic Wit,

And Eloquence from *Brother P--tt*.

Then

Then great RODONDO left the Steerage,
 And took a *Pension* and a *Peerage* ;
 Yet warn'd by *Patriot P--tn--y's* Fate,
 He *keck'd*, and *boggled* at the Bait ;
 Nor would he *touch* a single *Tester* ;
 But left all that to --- Lady *E---*.
 See what it is to have a Wife !
She wears the *Coronet* for Life ;
 And, for her Sake, *he* stoops to bear,
Three Thousand ENGLISH Pounds a Year !
 And still a *Patriot* firm and true,
 Is not oblig'd to *buckle to* ;
 But stands upon his *Honour* still,
 Like Captain *Bluff* ; or *Bobadil*.
 Yet, lest this pimping *Pension* Story,
 Should tarnish *patriotic* Glory,

He took at once to thrifty Courses,
 And wisely *advertis'd* his Horses;
 As who should say; " 'Tis all a Lie :
 " I can't afford a *Sett*; not I ! " ---
 With borrow'd *Pair* thro' *Cheapside* drove,
 To thank the City for her Love ;
 And zealous in his Country's Cause,
 Bow'd, and *buzza'd*---his own Applause !
 By Loss of Place and *Pow'r*, a Winner
 Of *Pension*, *Peerage*; Mob and---Dinner :
 Then stuff'd with *Pudding*, as with *Praise*,
 Retir'd to Solitude, and *H--ys* ! ---
 But there his Time was not mispent,
 Like common Folks in Banishment.
 He scorn'd to play at *Duck* and *Drake*,
 Like *Scipio*, on Pond or Lake;

At

At Plough, like *Cincinnatus* toil :
 Or in a Pipkin Turnips boil :
 Eat Fish with *Milo* at *Marseilles* ;
 With *Alcibiades* tame Quails ;
 Look after Oxen like *Apollo*,
 And tune his Pipe to Jigg, or Solo ;
 No, great *Rodondo's* mighty Mind,
 Despis'd all Pastime of that Kind ;
 For, as of *Hudibras* the Sword,
 One half its Scabbard erst devour'd,
 And wou'd have made the Whole a Prize,
 Unless for nobler Exercise ;
 So his great Soul, if left at Ease,
 Wou'd gnaw his Flesh, as Maggots, Cheese ;
 Or tempt the Gout, his deadly Foe,
 To pick a Quarrel with his Toe,

And

And lay him fairly by the Heels,
 As he himself laid down the *Seals* ;
 Unless to all he made it plain,
 That he would take them up again ;
 Whenever R--y--l G-----e should own
 That he was fit to *guide alone* ;
 And humbly begg'd that he wou'd stoop,
 To pick a falling M----ch up.
 So, lest the *thinking very few*,
 Shou'd *think* it odd that he withdrew
 His Neck and Gizzard from the Snare,
 Leaving us deep in Debt and War ;
 He swore we ow'd it to the *Scots*,
 And roundly fell a hatching Plots
 Of deep Design, to ruin B---e ;
 That done, himself were absolute.

As

As for the K---g, he'd serve and love him,
 Provise he might *reign* above him ;
 Which Scheme all Feuds must reconcile,
 Like *Trinculo's* in desert Isle.

How *Bridlegoose* became his Friend,
 Their ancient Hatred at an End ;
 How Brother *Tididol* assisted ;
 How *Sacro Gorgon* they enlisted ;
 How *Cacofogo*, fplay-foot Hero,
 Came to their Aid with Sword and Spear-o ;
 And how he fought while *Gorgon* wrote ;
 And what they fought, and what they got,
 Say, Muse : But soft ; I must invoke her ;
 To rob her of *that* Due wou'd shock her.

You,

You, who, some thousand Years ago,
 Had many Favours to bestow ;
 Who in your youthful Days were common
 To many a *Greek*, and many a *Roman*,
 From *Homer* down to *Apuleius*,
 But seldomer of late come nigh us :
 Yet even we of modern Race
 May sometimes boast of your Embrace,
 For *Samuel Butler* stakes his Word,
 You liv'd with him at Bed and Board :
 You, by the lively Dean impress't,
 Became the Dam of many a Jest.
 Your Love for *Arbutnot* is known ;
 But that is not so safe to own ;
 What Lady wou'd confess a Passion,
 For any of his *lousy* Nation ?

How

How cou'd the Muse a *Scot* endure?
 The *rich North Briton* calls them poor!
 The *wise North Briton* marks them Fools,
 And *Faction's Hackney* stamps them Tools.
 Great *Ch---ll* swears they're dull and stale,
 His Paunch replete with Beef and Ale;
 And nodding o'er the twentieth Pot,
 Hiccups and belches, "D--n a *Scot*.
 "How can the Rogues pretend to Sense?
 "Their Pound is only Twenty Pence!"
 Now Muse, if after all that's said
 You love 'em; be it on your Head,
 But never blush to own your yielding
 To *Garth*, and since to *Harry Fielding*,
 And others, who at Leap and Trial,
 Affirm you gave them no Denial.

C

You

You Porter-drinking *Cb---ll* wooes,
 With Tropes and Figures from the Stews;
 And, to incline you to his Passion,
 Of Tankard Bottoms makes Libation:
 But you to all his Vows averſe,
 Turn on his Muddineſs your A----;
 Which he adores with much Devotion,
 And kiſſes,---when you make a Motion,
 And hence it follows, his *North Briton*
 And *Ghoſt*, are only fit to ſh--t on.
 O grant me, Laughter-loving Dame,
 I think *Thalia* is thy Name,
 The Boon which humbly I implore,
 To kiſs thy Hand, and Parts before,
 And I relinquish theſe behind,
 To ſuch as are of *Cb---ll*'s Mind.

Now

Now shou'd we to the Subject rush :
 Good Wine, they tell us, needs no Bush.
 And Wits, indeed, in Days of Yore
 Ran it (in Jockey Phrase) off Score.
 They knew before-hand what came next,
 And stuck like Preachers to a Text ;
 But we, in all Things Sons of Freedom,
 Admire their Rules, but never heed 'em.
 What Man of Spirit would be bound,
 To plod like Stray in Manor Pound ?
 No, rather like a Dog in Snow,
 That pisses high and pisses low ;
 Or friendly Falconers, we fly
 At all, and now we touch the Sky,
 And now we dive, and now we flutter,
 And now we lisp, and now we stutter,

And sometimes walk, and sometimes creep,
 And often nod, and oftner sleep;
 Of which we great Example boast,
 From *Tristram Shandy* * and the *Ghost*.
 All hail great Author of the latter!
 Greater than *Tristram*, because fatter;
 Of *Pharoah's* Kine thou opposite
 Can't make a Dinner of a Sp'rite!
 But who that sees thee wou'd divine,
 That thou upon a Ghost must dine?
 Yet it is meet thou shoud'st be fed,
 Because a Parson, on the Dead.
 Praise thou the Lord for hot and hot,
 For Beef a *Ghost*, for Beer a *Scot*!---

* It is proper to ask the Author of *Tristram Shandy* Pardon for bringing him into such Company. The Performances here mentioned are only alike in Irregularity. In that alone was the Author of the *Ghost* able to copy from his Original.

Reader

Reader, have you observ'd a Hack,
 With Cit just got upon his Back,
 Loath to forsake the Stable-Door,
 Regardless of the single Spur :
 At length, by Dint of *that* and Whip,
 With Snail-like Pace thro' Gateway creep,
 The purpos'd Road to *Hackney* shun,
 And take the Way of *Islington* ;
 Halt at each Stile, turn up each Lane ?
 The Cockney tugs the Reins in vain.
 Head, Hands, and Heels in vain he plies ;
 In vain he rides, in vain he flies ;
 The sober Beast will have his Whim ;
 No *Sunday's* Pudding waits for him.
 Just so the feeble modern Bard,
 In great *Apollo's* Stable-Yard,

By

By *Help* of *Joffing-Block* gets on
 The ancient *Hack* of *Helicon* :
 To try his Metal on the Road,
 Of Neck-break dithyrambic *Ode*.
 To jog along the Path of *Tale* ;
 Or slumber in the *Past'ral* Vale.
 Thro' Fields *Epistolary* stray ;
 To dream a *Night*, or doze a *Day*.
 The Bard puts on poetic Face,
 And all impatient for the Race
 He rowls his Eyes, and bites his Quill ;
 But surly *Pegasus* stands still.
 For *Pegasus*, to say the least,
 Is but a head-strong resty Beast :
 And when by City Bards bestriden,
 (We can't in Justice call it ridden,)

He

He rears before, and jerks behind ;
 Or takes what Road he has a Mind.
 The Poet roosts like Fowl on Perch,
 And dares not use the Spur or Birch :
 But by the Tail and Mane holds fast,
 Yet tumbles in the Dirt at last.
 But t'other Day a mongrel Parson
 Ventur'd to clap his brawny A--- on
 The Outside of this skittish Jade,
 To rumble thro' a *Rosciad*.
 The Parson then was overtaken,
 And Beer for this Bout sav'd his Bacon.
 An ancient Proverb says, God guards
 Drunkards, and chiefly drunken Bards.
 He rode like Champion or Bear-Warden,
 From *Drury-Lane* to *Covent-Garden* :
Charg'd

Charg'd thro' the Players thin and thick,
 With fifty Cuff and single Stick.
 In hardy Buff he march'd the Round,
 One luckless Eye in Kerchief bound.
 For Eyes are often black and blue,
 When Parsons will be *Bruisers* too.
 Before him *Buckhorse* walk'd in State,
 And carry'd on a Pole elate,
 Great *Broughton's* Fists, and *Broughton's*
 Head,
Broughton, of *Bruisers* once the Dread!
 And Fifty different Tongues repeat
 The Victor Motto, "Never beat!"—
 An awful Truth in Days of Yore;
 But now, alas! a Truth no more!

The

The Parson smiles as who shou'd say,
That ev'ry Dag will have his Day.
 As Emblems of his double Skill,
 To break a Jaw ; or weild a Quill.
 Arrang'd upon his dexter Side
 March'd two Supporters, *W---ks* and *L--yd!*
 A happy Pair ; endow'd by Nature,
 With matchless Wit and matchless Feature.
 With Glance oblique one outward throws
 His Eyes ; one *Anchors* on his Nose.
 O *W---ks!* Must I repeat thy Name,
 And leave the great, the glorious Theme
 Unfung? No, Muse, the Lay begin ;
 Inspire me with his native *Gin.*
 The Muse replies, " Another Time
 " Shall furnish *Gin*, shall furnish Rhime,

D

" For

“ For *Grain-descended W---ks*, but now

“ Go on with *Ch---ll* and the Show.”

Pleas'd I submit. Who can refuse

Passive Obedience to his Muse ?

His left was guarded by a Pair

Of Rivals in gymnastic War.

Ye meaner Worthies of the Knuckle,

To *Maggs*, and to the *Nailer* truckle !

And chiefly, by whatever Name

You stand in *Tott'nham* Rolls of Fame,

Whether the *Cyclops* please you most ;

Or plainer *Stevenson* you boast :

Whether on high, like *Phaëton*,

You urge the foaming Courfers on ;

Or humbler guard the Chariot-wheel,

Protector of the Common-weal,

When

When *B---e* (for sure the Tale is true)
 Din'd with our Mayor, back'd by you ;
 Ah! shun those Seconds of our Bard,
 If you your only Eye regard !
 The trembling Croud at Distance stare,
 To see them poize their Fists in Air ;
 And pointing to the brawny Seer,
 Cry, "Damn your Day-lights, look ye here!"
 A Poet of *Milesian* breed,
 Led by the Rein the bounding Steed ;
 He, too, like Parson *Ch---ll*, had
 Occasion for a double Trade :
 He wrought in Bricks, and wrote a Play,
 Which hardest would be hard to say.
 The mighty *Befs*, whom *Europe* dreaded,
 First box'd the Earl, and then beheaded ;

But *Irish* Bricklayer more cruel,
 Murder'd poor *Essex* with his Trowel!---
 Behind, and bearing up the Pall;
Id est, his Robes Pontifical,
 Came he who carry'd *Fanny's* Farce on,
 A Clerk, now fitted with a Parson.
 He swore 'twou'd be a noble Match,
 To join his *Scribble* to her *Scratch*;
 And gave his Principal a Hint,
 To put the *Manuscratch* in Print:
 For zounds, quoth he, what mighty Feats
 Wou'd such a Pair perform in *Sheets*!
 The Croud was tickled with the Notion,
 And *W--ks* and *L--yd* approv'd the Motion:
Maggs and the *Nailer* too consent;
 What they promote who can prevent?

Buck-

Buckhorse and *Bricklayer* give way.
 Hey for *Cock Lane*. Huzza! Huzza! —
 Our Parson saw it was in vain,
 To thwart the Humour of his Train :
 And tho' he did not greatly chuse
 Alliance with a Succubus ;
 As being by his Trade a Foe,
 To all the Hierarchy below ;
 Yet rather than be thought to flinch,
 He'd venture on th' infernal Wench :
 The rather still as Parsons may
 Procure a Dinner, any way.
 Towards the City then he rode ;
 But halted at the *Robin Hood* ;
 Cry'd, "D--n my Eyes and Limbs, but here
 " I'll have a double Pot of Beer.

" Here,

“ Here, mighty *Henley*, Type of me,
“ Gave Lectures of true Orat’ry.
“ Here first he publish’d to the Nation,
“ His own, and my Divine Legation.
“ Here left to me his Parts and Flock;
“ And here to me had left his Cloak;
“ But he had none ! That Gown, behold,
“ So torn, so rusty, and so old !
“ That Cassock, see, of Nut-brown Hue;
“ That Gown was his, that Cassock too !
“ But, here’s the Cure of all my Woes.
“ Sorrow is dry.---Come, *W---ks*,---here
“ goes.”

So drain’d the Pitcher to the Dregs,

“ Well pull’d, confound my Limbs,”
- quoth *Maggs*.

W---ks

W---ks squinted with tremendous Leer,
 And swore he would not guzzle Beer;
 But added, with a horrid Grin,
 I'll pledge you o'er and o'er in *Gin*.
 Then ask'd the Parson to alight:
 He did, got drunk, and wrote his *Night*,
 Which this important Truth contains,
 That Drinking never hurts his Brains;
 There is a solid Reason for't,
 The Parson has no Brains to hurt.
 Admire in him great *Nature's Art*!—
 She to the Purpose fits the *Part*;
 And therefore that his Noddle shou'd
 Resist all Battery of Wood,
 She, in her heav'nly Prescience,
 Endow'd him with a seven-fold Fence.

The

The weighty *Ajax* heretofore,
 A seven-fold Shield in Battle wore ;
 But he, more weighty and more dull,
 Relies upon a seven-fold Skull.

How he again the Steed bestrode,
 And from *Cock-Lane* with *Fanny* rode ;
 How the old Palfrey took to tripping,
 And he to swearing, spurring, whipping ;
 How Hat and Wig to boot he lost,
 And bruis'd his Shin against a Post,
 Which made him wish he had been booted ;
 How those that once huzza'd him, hooted
 How, after many strange Vagaries,
 He reach'd the *Hole*, yclep'd *Black Mary's* ;
 How Palfrey plung'd, and Parson fell,
 Into the Vault at *Clerkenwell* ;

How

How there he roll'd and sprawl'd *about*,
 And strove ; but never cou'd get *out*,
 Another Canto must display,
 For now *Rodondo* claims the Lay.

Rodondo, while as yet but young,
 Was noted for a flippant Tongue ;
 Had Honesty,---enough to swear by.
 His Vote no Minister cou'd e'er buy.
 He thought there was a surer way,
 To make his Fortune than an *Aye*.
 In Opposition fierce as *Tartar* ;
 He never gave *Bob Booty* Quarter.
 And thus it grew. Tho' now he scorn it,
Rodondo once was but a Cornet ;

E

And

And *Bob* sagaciously observing,
 That People are not fond of starving,
 Believ'd the way to stop his prating
 Tongue, was to keep his Teeth from eating.
 But have you ever known a Hound,
 Or Pointer, to the Manger bound,
 With howling deafen half the Street ;
 And starv'd to silence him, and beat---
 But did this Method e'er succeed,
 With any Cur of noble Breed ?
 No, *Towzer's* howling grows the stronger,
 The more he's drubb'd, or pinch'd with
 Hunger.

An empty Belly grumbles most ;
 Which *Bob* experienc'd to his cost.

For

For after having done his worst,
Rodondo grew more cross and curst :
 And never ceas'd to bite and snarl,
 'Till *Bob* was outed, and an Earl.
 He rais'd the Nation's Apprehensions,
 With *Court, Corruption, Places, Pensions.*
 Words which, when well dissected, mean,
 That I am *out*, and your are *in* :
 But which, when properly repeated,
 In every Question that's debated,
 Can ope a thousand Mouths at once ;
 And make a Hero of a Dunce.
 Your * *IF* is good at making Peace.
Rodondo went to War with *these*.

* Your *if* is your only Peace-maker.

Much virtue in *if* !

SHAKESPEAR.

He knew that Arguing and Reas'ning,
 Is like a poach'd Egg without Seas'ning.
 And therefore that the surest Ground,
 Was, scorning Sense, to stick to Sound;
 For Sound well manag'd never tires,
 While Sense disgusts our Country 'Squires.
 Observing this, he study'd Phrases,
 To pop out in important Cases :
 On all Occasions he purloin'd 'em ;
 And when he cou'd not steal, he coin'd 'em.
 Thus *Downright*, (*Bobadil* can tell ye)
 Had ne'er a good one in his Belly :
Cudgel he might, if Anger move him,
 But *Bastinado* was above him.
 From that *Rodondo* took the Hint,
 And stamp'd new *Verbage* in his Mint.

The

The Vulgar said *Equality* ;

But he *Parallelality* ! —

So long, so liquid, and so fine :

It almost helps me out a Line.

Guilt is a Word that looks so grim,

'Twas *Criminality* with him.

Nay, even from the *Scots* our Foes,

He borrow'd, to prolong his Prose.

He kick'd old *English* fairly out,

And took *Dubiety* for *Doubt*.

Thus, while from common Sense he
wander'd,

He brought the Language to a Standard :

And who the Devil cou'd withstand

Phrases of so much good *Command*?

Like

Like *Punchinell* he huff'd and vapor'd ;
 While meaner Puppets squeak'd and cap-
 per'd.

He did not value Money. They
 Can never want who never pay !—
 He had a nobler Passion : Fame.
 No Matter how, or whence it came.
 He'd save his Country if he cou'd ;
 But d--n it e'er another shou'd.
 I know not how it came in's Noddle,
 To take Lord *Peter* for his Model ;
 And what the most of all surprizes,
 Outdid him at his own Devices.
 Lord *Peter* only damn'd *his* Soul,
 Who doubted Bread was Fish and Fowl :

But

But he, without the Aid of Heaven,
 Cou'd prove both Sides of Problem given.

As thus; he quarrell'd with a Farm,
 And thought it did the *Manor* Harm.

He call'd it by rhetoric Figure

A Mill-stone, tho' 'twas rather bigger,
 Which, ty'd around old *England's* Neck,
 Wou'd make the Isle a perfect *Wreck*.

The C----ns thought him in the right;
 The Nation *groan'd*, and felt the *Weight*!

But when *Dame Bridlegoose* gave Way,

And great *Rodondo* came in play,

His Mouth in different Strain he opes.

New Times will ever breed new Tropes.

The Mill-stone now becomes a Feather!

To *lighten* us in stormy Weather.

“ A

“ A Feather, Sir ? ’tis passing strange !

“ But Things, I own, are apt to change.

“ Good lack ! who cou’d have thought it

“ now !

“ A perfect *Eider-down*, I vow !

“ I’ll tell you stranger still. O la !

“ That Feather won *America*.”—

“ Nay, sure you jest !” “ ’Sblood Sir, ’tis

“ true !”

“ I yield. Who knows so well as you.”---

Thus, fabled Satyr cou’d of old

From the same Mouth blow hot and cold ;

But Satyr met with little Praise ;

’Tis plain he liv’d not in our Days ;

For Moderns don’t kick out of Doors

Their *ambiloquent* Orators.

Now

Now all submitted to his Sway,
And, Jehu-like, he drove away.
Talk to him of the Nation's Debt,
" He swore it was a Trifle, yet—
" A hundred Millions !---*Bagatelle* !---
" A hundred more were pretty well.
" Add but a hundred more to these,
" And then---we'll talk of making *Peace*.
" The Citizens are all *our* Friends ;
" *Thirty per Cent.* to him who lends.
" There's *B—f—d*, and Sir, Sir, Sir *ſ—s*,
" Confound their vulgar City Names ;
" But sure the M----r and R----d--r,
" Can keep the *Rabble-rout* in Order.
" Tho', do 'em Justice, they're content,
" Provided that enough be spent.

F

" Give

“ Give but a Merchant present Profit,
“ He takes, and thinks no farther of it.
“ They’re but your *Fools* of *Lands* and
“ *Manors*;
“ Your *Lords*, your *Worships*, and your
“ *Honors*,
“ Who fancy that the Nation’s *Guide*
“ Shou’d for Posterity provide :
“ But I despise all such. God knows,
“ I have no dirty *Lands* to lose.
“ And then *Oeconomy*’s so vile.---
“ Four paultry Millions won *Belleisle*;
“ By which *important* Conquest, we
“ Have got the *Sardine* Fishery.---
“ The *German* War is now my own ;
“ I warrant you I *cram* it down.

“ Our

" Our great Commander *Ferdinando*,
" Has shown us what our Money can do.
" Is it not great to have a *Bridge*
" Of Silver, with a golden Edge?---
" And then he kills our Men so finely.
" I swear our *Gazettes* read divinely.
" What tell you me of *British* Blood?
" I buy it just as cheap as Mud.
" We have the Gallon for a *Pound*:
" That is, while *Money* can be found.
" Then, there's the *Mars* of Protestants;
" Our Guineas must supply his Wants.
" It has been *Britain's* Custom still,
" In ev'ry House to pay the *Bill*;
" And shou'd I break the good old Fashion,
" 'Twou'd hurt *my* Credit with the Nation:

- “ The Money’s none of mine, and so
“ I care not how, or where it go.
“ New Imposts I must now contrive,
“ To make our Manufactures thrive.
“ For Taxes, all the World can tell,
“ Enable us—*to undersell*.
“ And every Mortal understands,
“ That War produces—*many Hands*.
“ The Scoundrels have no need to fast,
“ We’ve use for them *before the Mast*.
“ Our Conquests must be far extended;
“ The more, the easier defended.
“ A scatter’d Empire is the *strongest*;
“ Huzza for him that holds out *longest*!—
“ What tho’ we *suffer* in the Process,
“ The End will folder up all Losses.—
“ They

“ They say, indeed, one must not stretch

“ An Arm beyond its proper Reach :

“ But he who says so is a Slave,

“ A *Jacobite*, a *Beast*, a *Knave*.

“ Whoso but whispers such a thing,

“ Would sell his *Country*, and his K---.

“ I prove it thus : *What Rogues but such*

“ *Would ever dare to say so much ?*” ---

With these Conceits *Rodondo* stuff’d,

For some time strutted, swore, and huff’d.

The C----ns trembled at his Nod,

And Money lavishly bestow’d.

The City furnish’d Cash in Plenty :

She gain’d Four Millions out of *Twenty* ;

And for the Spoil the *Bulls* and *Bears*

Of went together by the Ears.

Thus

Thus having all at his Command,
 He push'd the War by Sea and Land ;
 Striking at ev'ry thing hap-hazard ;
 But oft mistaking *Hawk* for *Buzzard*.
 He sent us to the Coast of *France*,
 Merely to show his Vigilance !---
 And 'tis a Pity that *Belleisle*
 Did not surrender in *Aprile*.---
 The *Britons* bled for him *alone* ;
 They had their Pay, he the *Renown*.
Hawk and *Boscawen* swell'd his Pride,
 And *Wolfe* for great *Rodondo* dy'd !---
 To all Men's Merit he laid Claim ;
B--te, *Bridlegoose*, 'twas all the same.
 Quoth *Bridlegoose* " The Plan I laid
 Of conquering *Canada*." " That Head

(Cries

(Cries he) “ is not so wise as gray ;

“ Good *Bridlegoose* go Home, and lay

“ Your Eggs ; but know that he alone

“ Contrives the Plan, who drives it on.”

Next *B---e* pretends to *Martinico*.

“ You, cries *Rodondo* ? You !---A *Fico* !--

“ ’Twere very pretty if a *Scot*

“ Shou’d take the Credit of my Plot.---

“ Not he who *executes* is wise,

“ But he who *plans* an Enterprize.”

Thus in old *Æsop*’s Apologues,

The Cook was bit by Brace of Rogues :

But had he known *Rodondo*’s *Knack*,

He had giv’n them their *Dilemma* back ;

And so, for one Joint stoln away,

Had made them for a couple pay.

But

But why shou'd I attempt to tell
 How long he govern'd, and how *well* ?
 'Till C----l, tir'd of his *Dominion*,
Presum'd to differ in Opinion,
 About some trifling poor Affair,
 No greater than a *Spanish War* !
 But such an Insult ! Who cou'd bear it,
 That had a single Grain of Spirit ?
 To all our Porters it is known,
 That *Britain must* be rul'd by *one*.
 The C---ll---rs are but *his* Minions,
 And who e'er thought of their Opinions ?
 The Secretary is the thing.
 Who minds the C---l or the K--g ?
 But *they* were of another Mind,
 And he in Consequence *resign'd* !---

Indeed

Indeed the Folks of shallow Sense,
 Thought this was only meer Pretence,
 Imagining he apprehended
 A Reck'ning when the Game was ended.
 And so he seiz'd it when he saw,
 A fair Occasion to withdraw.
 As Politicians can't endure,
 Of *Rabelais* the *Quart de Heure* *.
 But these were shallow Fools indeed.
 Cou'd great *Rodondo* ever need
 Apology, or Vindication
 With a *protected*, *grateful* Nation?

* The *Quart de Heure de Rabelais*, in *France*, is the Time of paying the Bill; *Rabelais* was always merry in Company till *that* arrived; but the Notion of *paying* made an Impression on his Spirits, which a full Quarter of an Hour scarcely dissipated. From him it has gone into a Proverb, which our Countryman seems to have had in View when he wrote,
 The dreadful Reck'ning comes, Men smile no more!—

Pass we his Love for Lady *Es---r* ;
 The Tears he shed to R---l M---r ;
 How he his *Cattle advertis'd*,
 That all the World might be advis'd
 Not only of his Fall, but Thrift.
 It was a fair and honest Shift.
 He formerly had known its use ;
 When he fell out with *Bridlegoose* :
 And we the same wou'd recommend
 On like Occasion to a Friend.
 We pass his Letter to the *Knight*
 So *modest*, pithy ; so polite,
 A small but precious Piece it is,
 And stamp'd indelibly for *his* ;
 And latest Ages must deplore
 That writing *it*, he wrote no more !

All these we pass; but can't dispense
 To mark the Ways of Providence.
 No sooner was *Rodondo* out,
 Than those who cross'd him tack'd about.
 'Tis true, on *better Grounds* they went,
 But he was right—by the Event.
 Because *intuitively* knowing
 Whatever at *Madrid* was doing,
 He thought a timely Blow well laid
 Wou'd knock their Projects all o'th'
 Head.

Since, when a Nation goes to War,
 'Tis weak to bid the Foe take Care.
 Yet all his Wrongs he set aside,
 And tho' he wou'd no longer *guide*

In

In Body ; still his mighty Soul

Rode in the Storm,---and rul'd the
Whole !

His bare Idea was our *Shelter*,

And drove the *Spaniards* helter skelter.

His Spirit march'd out Troops before o,

Inspir'd by him they storm'd the *Moro* !

For what cou'd *B---te* or *A----le*,

Unless he undertook the Quarrel ?

Mark now of Providence the Ways.

His was the *Work*, and *his* the *Praise* !



END of CANTO I.